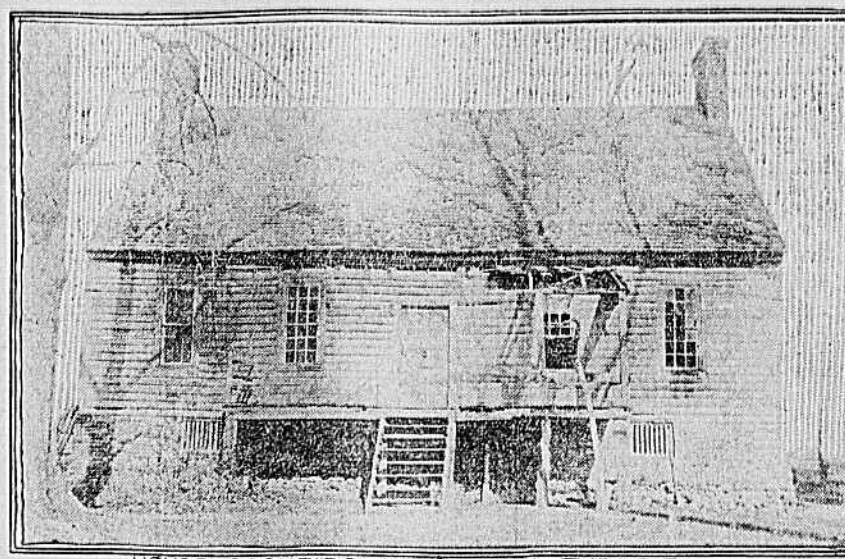
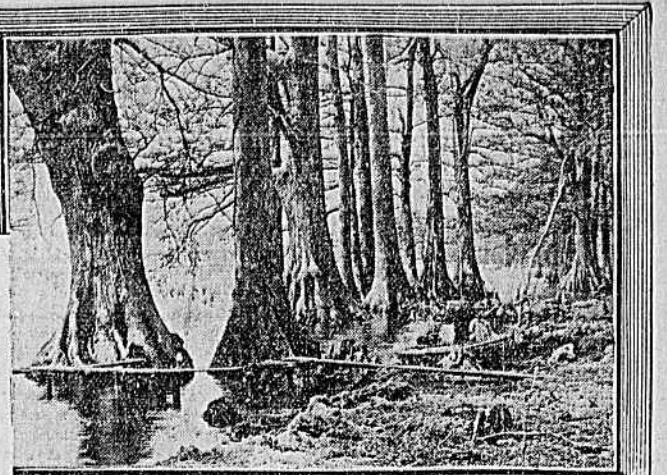


# BLACK BEARD'S



OLD FIRE PLACE IN THE CORNER OF THE DEATH CHAMBER.

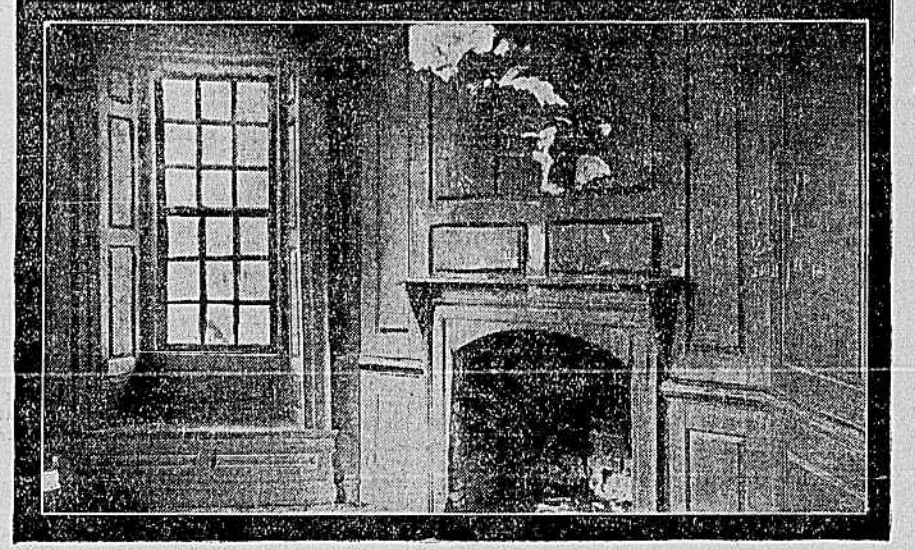
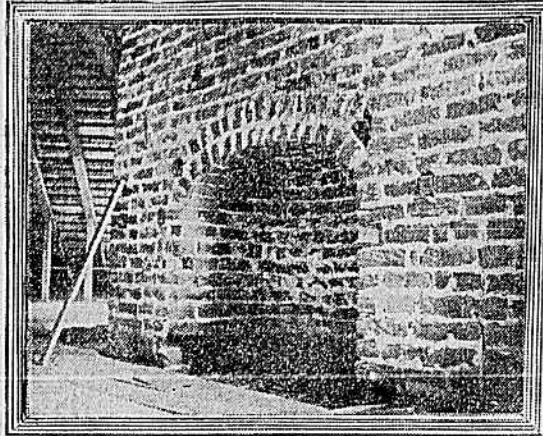
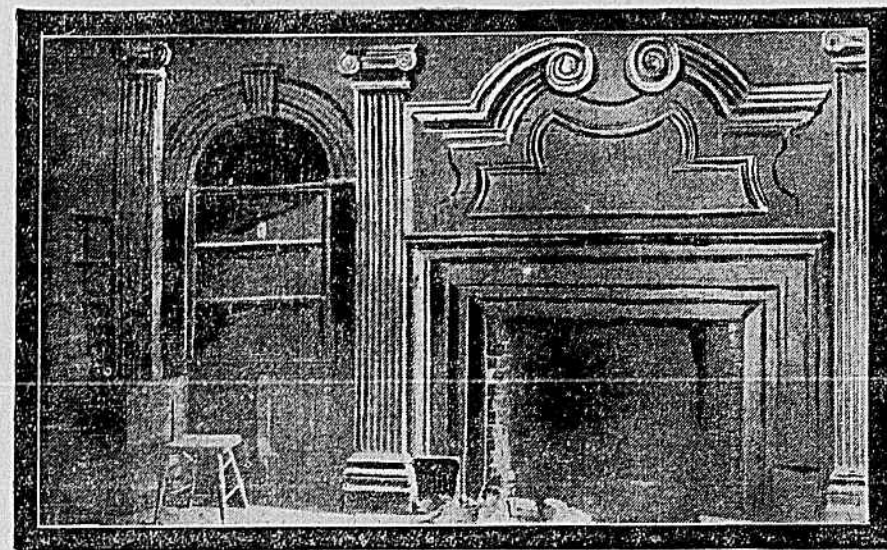
SECRET PANELING.



PIRATES BAY WHERE THE BLACK BEARD LANDING ONCE WAS.



END VIEW OF RESIDENCE



(Written for the Sunday Times-Dispatch.)

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., July 17.—Back in 1716 there lived and died a man in the region of Eastern Virginia and Carolina, who made himself master of the high seas and forced the world to acknowledge his naval supremacy, as no other man has ever done. The name of "Edward Teach," of England, is scarcely known, save by a few who have troubled themselves to study the real history of the Sea King of the early eighteenth century. Yet it was Edward Teach who built or occupied a building erected for another of great means—a house on the banks of the Pasquotank River, in Pasquotank county, North Carolina.

The same locality was for over a hundred years after the death of Teach a rendezvous for pirates of the world, and the wife of Governor Pickney, daughter of Aaron Burr, walked the plank off Dare county, within twenty miles of where the seat of the eighteenth century pirates existed.

The Governor of Virginia wanted Teach and offered a big reward for his capture. This reward amounted to one hundred pounds, English money, a sum amounting to less than five hundred dollars, though in colonial days it was considered such a large sum that men risked lives to secure it. The reward was an item of insignificant value, as compared with the tax which Edward Teach levied on the world annually.

**PIRATE BLACKBEARD.**  
When the pirate Blackbeard left Bristol, England, on his first cruise, he was a mere sailor, and though he traveled in this capacity for years, he attracted attention only about five years prior to his death. Morgan, the famous buccannier and privateer, had already introduced piracy as a "gentleman's" vocation, and until his sovereign gave him command of the island of Jamaica as its Governor, he had created widespread consternation. Morgan had been classed as the pioneer of buccanniers, but Morgan was but the most insatiable of the devils of his most insatiable and arch friend, Edward Teach.

At the death of the King, Charles II., of England, the successor of the former pirate, who sought to seize the throne, was knighted by Charles. The death of Morgan is a matter of some dispute, though an interesting account disposes of him after a second cruise at sea, during which he became the patron of young Teach. Morgan is alleged to have killed the emissaries of the successor to the throne and to have returned to his buccannery. It was on this trip that Teach, who was living on the island of Jamaica, first became an acknowledged pirate, though as a bold and fearless gambler, he led in the dives of Jamaica. Teach was hunted by Morgan shortly after he had embarked on his first pirate cruise with the ex-Governor.

After the death of Morgan Teach returned to England, where he squandered his gains, and with the support of an Earl, an old mariner of Morgan's fleet, Teach was enabled to flee to the West Indies and go into piracy for himself. With an excellent training in the cruelty of the profession under Morgan, Teach commenced a career which is without a precedent or a more notorious history. Teach, a buccannier or privateer, was not the worst form of piracy, and was even licensed under governments which were at war with one another. Buccaneers fitted vessels at their own expense, took out papers under hostile governments and pillaged the merchant vessels of the nation for which it carried papers. As appropriate, confiscate and destroy. But it was left for Teach to adopt Mongolian methods, murdering women and children with relentless cruelty.

When Teach first decided to buccannier under his own skill and bones, his first step on leaving the English coast was to follow the ocean current, known as the Gulf Stream, straight to the shores of Carolina, where he made for the sounds which afforded defense and an excellent harbor. The government to-day contemplates deepening these waters for a waterway for the world's commerce, and as a defensive harbor, in the event of hostilities with other nations. Teach first realized this advantage. On the upper banks of the Pasquotank he planted a colony, his abode being accessible from

the sound by vessels of lighter draft than his fleet.

## STORIES HANDED DOWN.

In and around Elizabeth City there are those who remember stories handed down by grandparents, telling of the black flag fleet once harbored here. To this day the grim home of the old pirate still stands as the only monument, other than the historical mention of his name in the text books of our institutions. Within two miles of Elizabeth City, N. C., and about twenty-five miles from the Virginia line, is the former Frank Temple, who has surrounded the place with a well cultivated farm, and within doors, in the dwelling which once lent its spacious rooms and halls to a ribald mob, there dwells to-day a timid woman, and three small children, the family of Mr. Temple.

Visitors are numerous at the old house, and the family resident therein, have been forced, for the sake of privacy, to refuse admittance to the majority of callers. However, your correspondent was treated with utmost courtesy, and the camera used to good effect, as the accompanying illustrations will give evidence.

The former home of the pirate stands two stories high, with a deep basement, walled in by rocks, which have given way to time, exposing the basement to view. From the outside, as the photograph shows, though not built after the fashion of a castle, the house resembles one of the traditional castles of the Rhine. Within twenty feet of the house flows the Pasquotank River, and an indentation in the banks of the river, formed by nature, or, perhaps, by men, affords a pretty bay, said to have been the landing place of the pirate's boats, which were thus hidden from the river view by the trees surrounding. Though nearly two centuries have elapsed since the house was erected, it is yet practically intact, and has even been repaired and placed in habitable condition since the view produced here was taken. As it now stands the remodeled house would appear not over fifty years of age. Time has done little to crack the walls of glazed English brick. The floors have given way, though heart cedar was placed on the rafters. This gives proof of the age of the building, and is a good illustration of the perfectness of the English brick of two centuries ago. In its once dilapidated condition the flooring broke, and a resident of the house, a lady, was hurled to the basement beneath, where her arm was broken. A new roof has been placed on the walls since the photograph was taken, several months ago.

**REMARKABLE HOUSE.**  
The feature of the Blackbeard home, which gives the stranger the greatest delight, is its magnificent antiquity. The walls and doors are of the most exquisite hand-carved paneling. The mantels are models of art and skilled workmanship, and must have cost an enormous amount. Such a house in colonial days could only have been erected by a wealthy, a very wealthy, man. As one gazes, here and there, a secret door is disclosed, which leads far down into the darkness of the basement beneath, and makes one shudder at this cavern, which, like the cave of Sinbad, the sailor, has been a time occupied by dead men, or men left to starve, amid the wreck of bones and rotting flesh therein. In the attic, above the second story, may be seen, blood stains on the floor. Dull splashes and spattered drops of blood are discernible, though the accompanying illustration of a fireplace in the attic, which was used as a death chamber, or execution room, does not well show the marks, which may be observed chiefly in the vicinity of this fireplace. Another feature of the great old fireplace is that it is the entrance to a secret way into the basement. In the rear of the brick is an opening, which goes down into the basement, and into this opening, the bricks being first removed, the bodies

of murdered captives were thrown into the moat below, which swept them out into the water of the river and sound beyond.

The photograph which shows the figures and scrawls is of interest. These marks are everywhere in the house. They are supposed to represent the work of captives, or of the pirates who gambled and lived within the house.

These rooms are also alleged to have been used in holding those who were seized or kidnapped and held for ransom or sold into slavery, during that period in which such deeds were numerous, especially among unscrupulous traders and sea captains. The basement must have been the chief jail, as the barred windows will show to what good advantage it might thus have been used. Alto-

gether this basement reminds one of the old closets in which "Blue Beard," of the many sacrificed wives, kept his disobedient and beheaded ladies under the magic key.

Blackbeard is thought to have been the proud possessor of a natural beard of a gross and startling type. As a matter of fact, Teach adorned the horsehair, which represented a Swedish and unnatural growth of nature, as a means of spreading terror among those who fell into his hands. This beard was tied in red ribbon bows, and had the desired effect of transforming a man into a hideous conception of an incarnate demon.

In the County Court of Pasquotank county, N. C., today, there are recorded certain deeds granting titles to one "Teach," acknowledged to be the same

man who occupied land there as Blackbeard. The titles to the estate, in the course of years, numbering nearly two centuries, have been so frequently subdivided as to make it impossible to locate a title to the place of the house, which has been written of here, though deeds conveying lands, with "appurtenances thereto belonging," give sufficient proof as to who lived in the house of English brick. Aside from such proof, this relic of colonial times is an evidence of its former owner and occupant. To those who seek the abiding place of Blackbeard in America, the present home of Mr. Temple has been accepted as the seat of early piracy.

In Elizabeth City and Pasquotank county to-day there are residents of good fam-

ily and cultured citizenship who carry the old "Teach" name, and in whose veins runs the blood of the tiger sailor.

## A WILD CAREER.

From the coast of Cape Henry to the banks of Wilmington, N. C., there are numerous stories of Teach and his wild career. Many have thought to locate a part of the treasure which is alleged to have been secreted along the coast of the Tidewater section. Deep holes in the river banks and excavations in swamp lands or old caves are to be seen in many places, each one a reminder of a disappointed seeker after Blackbeard's fortunes. Undoubtedly the bulk of the pirate's gold is somewhere in hiding to this day. His premature death prevented his making a disclosure of its whereabouts, and the wise old pirate was known to have made few if any confidants, as even his lieutenants were recognized thieves, and he knew his men far too well to trust them with such a secret.

With its hidden passageways and strange basement, there will always be a belief that somewhere, in or around the old home, is hidden the Spanish gold of Teach. Each new occupant of the house, on entering, immediately institutes a search for the treasure, but the disappointment is proverbial. Yet who knows but that some wall or bank of earth contains the jewels of captured aristocracy? The yellow ore of Spanish mintage?

With the inlets along the banks, which protect and create the sounds, well canonized, and with the inadequate method of naval attack in vogue in the days of Spanish supremacy, it was easy for the pirate chieftain to establish himself securely and defy the combined navies of the world. The stronghold of Blackbeard extended from the entrance of Pamlico Sound, up through Albemarle Sound and the Pasquotank and other rivers within the inland water route.

In making a comparison of Blackbeard's ability to command at sea, it is worthy of note that Burnside succeeded, after a long campaign, in passing and reducing the Confederate fortifications at Hatteras, and in the capture of Pamlico Sound, despite the resistance of the Confederate navy, whereas the entire navy of the old world were unable to oust the pirate, who peacefully owned the island, and who was destroyed by a trick of the Funston type, executed by a young British officer.

England, terrorizing the world, swayed under the illegal reign, which this ruler of the seas placed upon her. The government of Spain, then in the zenith of her power, corporate wealth and naval magnitude was the heaviest of all the sufferers at the merciless hands of the Anglo-Saxon pirate. As cruel as Nero, and as skillful in naval tactics as a Nelson, Teach robbed and plundered and conquered.

At the foot of the steps of the house, on the Pasquotank, are two large millstones, three feet in diameter each. These stones are planted side by side. They bore many time-worn inscriptions, which are almost unintelligible. The feet of numerous generations have worn away the inscriptions, which were once carved on the stones, and, amidst a jumble of letters and signs only the date, "1710," can be read. The last figure has been obliterated.

## WEIRD STORIES.

Hundreds of weird stories are current, which cause the superstitious to quake inwardly, when visiting the neighborhood of the old pirate home. Many have reported strange noises in and around the blood-stained premises. Darkways say a man with a long, black beard, around the scene, and along the Dismal Swamp Canal route.

A story which has gained actual belief among the educated classes is that the pirate, having lost his head, after his capture, swam three times around the vessels bow-sprit, on which the dismembered portion of his anatomy stuck. The body of Blackbeard goes the legend, made many efforts to get into the vessel, but was driven back by boat hooks, thus preventing the head from a probable reunion with the body. This story has led to current children's nursery tales of a headless man, which may be seen, walking the banks of Ocracoke Inlet, vainly searching and groping about after a missing head, which was taken to Virginia as a proof necessary to a government reward.

The stories relative to Blackbeard's death are varied, though it may be pretty accurately summed up as follows:

During the month of November, while the pirate was in winter quarters, at his home in the Tidewater section, and surrounded by the vessels of his fleet, the latter being anchored in the sounds, he attracted the attention of Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, who sent a lieutenant of the British navy out with orders to enter the sound, find the pirate and capture or kill him. The man who received this order was one Maynard, who boldly undertook the execution thereof. The major part of the pirate crew had been disbanded, it is said, and were scattered, for the time being, squandering the fruits of a successful cruise on the Spanish main. A few of the pirate's chosen followers were with him, and these were his retainers at the time the order to slay him was given. Maynard took with him something over thirty men. Blackbeard had in his vessel about half that number. One authority says seventeen. Maynard was daring and fearless; else he would never have attempted the capture of the pirate. But the man he was after was far from being a poltroon. To have carried a large fleet into the sounds after the pirate would have been unsuccessful, as it would either have been defeated after the usual manner, or else the pirates, realizing a superior force, would have fled at the approach. There was but one course open to the British officer. He must force the pirate to meet him, and this, of course, meant to fight him to the death. For this reason Maynard went in a comparatively light vessel, which presented more effrontery than actual significance to the eyes of Teach, long since deadened to fear of any nature.

Seeing the armed craft approach, Blackbeard, with his usual daring, went out after it, as a spider might attack a wasp caught in its web. It mattered little to the pirate how many men the English ship carried. So long as they did not straggle there was no danger in his estimation. Meeting thus off Ocracoke Inlet, the crew under Maynard met the crew of Edward Teach. After an exchange of broadsides and a battle of fierce but short duration, the English vessel suddenly presented a scene of frightful carnage. The pirates frantically rushed below deck, giving clenched and swords drawn to Englishmen, all picked marines, waited for the pirate to rush upon their decks. Blackbeard was caught in a ruse this time, and boldly grappled with the sides of his opponent's boat. Mounting the "gunwale" of their craft, the pirate crew dashed recklessly to the captured English vessel. At a word of command the hatchways were suddenly thrown back and a swarm of expert swordsmen dashed to meet the pirates. A terrible havoc followed. Blackbeard led his men with his usual intrepidity. Maynard realized that he had no fox cub to ensnare. It was as though the mastiff grappled with the she wolf. Blood of pirates mingled with that of the government crew. At the last, when a victory seemed within the very grasp of Blackbeard, a sword entered his body and he fell wounded. A terrible loss of heart and were nearly all of them annihilated. Not a man of the English crew but received painful wounds, while they had gone forth two to one. The head of Teach was severed from the body, and with this trophy mounted on the bowsprit the English Lieutenant returned to Virginia.

This ends the history of Blackbeard. His old residence is to-day a part of North Carolina's historic spots. The house-castle of the Pasquotank is yet a reminder of the days when blood and carnage shrouded Virginia and the Carolina coast in a gloomy and nefarious dependence was inadequate to overpower such men as Edward Teach, of Bristol, England, a man who fearlessly defied the world within the protected arms of the historic banks. HARRY P. GUERRANT.



FRANK L. STANTON.

## SUNBEAMS FROM THE SOUTH

By FRANK L. STANTON.

Author of "Just from Georgia,"  
"Songs of the Soil," etc.



BROTHER DICKEY.

### The Race Problem Fiend.

I.  
He studied de big race problem  
Fum de mawin' ter de night,  
En he hollored "Halleluyah!"  
I got it a-gwine right!"  
But ever mo' dat problem walked  
Lak a ghost in black and white!

II.  
En it follered close behin' him,  
En it lit de flamin' torches  
En lighted him ter bed!  
En he preached his funeral sermon,  
But it never would stay dead!

III.  
En he finally acknowledged  
It had laid him des ez flat  
Ez de roll er a big rock crusher.  
Or a lick fum a base-ball bat!  
En he headed fer de asylum  
Whar de lunatics is at!

### The Song on the Way.

Any way de old world goes,  
Happy be de weather!  
With de red thorn, or de rose,  
Singin' all together!  
Don't you see dat sky o' blue?  
Good Lord painted it for you!  
Reap de daisies in de dew,  
Singin' all together!

Spring time sweet, an' frosty fall,  
Happy be de weather!  
Earth has garden for us all,  
Goin' on together!  
Sweet de labor in de light,  
To de harvest's gold an' white,  
Till de tollers say "Good-night,"  
Singin' all together!

### Brother Dickey's Philosophy.

I reckon 'bout de only consolation  
Adam had w'en he wuz driv out er Eden  
Wuz ter say ter hisself dat while apples  
Wuz mighty good, dey didn't 'gree wid  
him now.

A man never gits ter de place whar  
He knows he's a fool, 'Bout de furdest  
He gits is whar he kin look back en  
see whar he use ter be one.

Many a man what sets his light on de  
hill top does it more ter make de world  
wonder how he got dar dan ter light de  
way fer de res' er us.

a fool up so's you wuz know him ez  
it would be ter put Satan in er white  
robe en pass him off fer a bishop.

De higher a man climbs de more de  
black bees note er him. Dey ain't no  
mo' bees on de white dog dan what dey  
is on de black one, but you kin see 'em  
better.

A Plantation Love Song.  
Yonder come my lover—  
De Rabbit let her pass,  
De Dewdrop en de River  
Say dey'll be her lookin' glass;  
Oh, my honey,  
All de world is sunny;  
I'll swim de river fer yo' sake, en give  
you all my money!

Yonder come my lover,  
Like a summer holiday—  
De river stop his talkin'—  
Fer ter listen what she say—  
Oh, my honey,  
All de world is sunny!  
I'll swim de river fer yo' sake, en give  
you all my money!

He Stood Corrected.  
"Oh, Kunnel!"  
"Don't call dat man 'Kunnel,' he been  
here six months!"  
"Dat so?"  
"Cose it is!"  
"And then did de first darky shout, at  
de top of his voice!"  
"Oh, Ginnal!" whirled roun' and said  
sharply, "What do you want?"

The Jackass and the Giraffe.  
"Did you ever hear de tale 'bout de  
Jackass en de Giraffe?" asked Brother  
Dickey.

"No," replied Br'er Williams, "I  
ain't hearn dat tale yet."  
"Well," said Brother Dickey, "it  
ain't long ez a summer day or de  
road fum here ter Washington we'd  
dey ain't no office waitin' fer you, so  
I'll tell it ter you. White man been  
plowin' de jackass all summer, en he  
wuz ez tired er ez a man waitin' sixty  
day on de what wuz only borrowed fer  
thirty, w'en one mawin' de Giraffe poked  
his long neck over de fence en give him  
de time er day. 'You up mighty arly  
dis mawin!' said de Jackass. 'Look  
lak you didn't have time to fix yoself!  
Fer visitin' you done forget zo' collar!'  
De Giraffe say dat he never did wear

no collar sence de day he bo'n inter de  
world, en what's mo'—he ain't never  
gwine wear none. Jackass say ter him,  
'Dar whar you foolish. A long neck lak  
what you got would captur' de country  
wid a collar roun' it; sides dat a collar  
would keep you fum ketchin' col,' en  
ef you ever gits de sorethroat you'll have  
it all de way! Now, I got a good collar  
on me, en seein' ez dis is my dinner hour,  
I'll let you try it on ter see how you'll  
look in it. Giffra 'frald it won't fit him,  
but he try it on, des de same; en no  
sooner had he got it on, good en fas',  
dan de Jackass tuck ter his heels, en his  
Master, comin' 'long 'bout dat time,  
en seein' de Giraffe admirin' hisself in  
de collar er de Jackass, crope up on him,  
en kotched him, en hitched him ter de  
slew, en worked him six ways fer Sunday!  
En w'en his crap wuz laid-by, he  
sold him ter a circus, ez de only livin'  
Giraffe what was vain enough ter think  
he looked putty in de collar er a Jack-  
ass."

### The Way He Viewed It.

"What's a philosopher, Br'er Williams?"  
"He's a man dat takes ever'thing  
easy."  
The questioner seemed suddenly lost  
in thought. Then he spoke up:  
"Dat bein' de case, how come you  
stayed out er jail so long?"

### Literary Notes From Billville.

One of our leading literary men is  
giving an Artes-an well and writing the  
great American novel—both on de in-  
stalment plan.

The Georgia mule is not literary in  
his tastes; yet he is frequently discov-  
ered in meditation as profound as that  
of any of the poets and philosophers.

The literary dinner came off on sched-  
ule time, and de hungry authors who  
had been living on income so long laid  
away enough to make them forget, for  
de time, dat they were nothing but  
poor, famous geniuses.

The recent debate on de race prob-  
lem was most satisfactory. A resolution  
was passed dat hereafter it be allow-  
ed to settle itself and take a much-  
needed holiday fer dat purpose.